THE WORLD.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887.

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED : THE WORLD came under the present proprie

1	Year.	Yearly Total.	Dally Average.
	1889 1883 1884 1885 1888	8,151.157 12,235,238 28,519,785 51,241,267 70,126,041 83,389,828	22,331 33,541 77,922 140,387 192,126 228,465

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During

the Last Two Years. The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727 The average circulation of Tho Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054 The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,636 The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724 The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267

GARCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

ADVERTISING RATES.

(Arate Measure neut.)
Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra charge for ac ceptable display. Rusiness or Special Notices, opposite Editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, sterred or merked "Advi.": First page, \$1.50 per line; Fourth page, \$1.25 per line; Inside page, \$1 The rates for advertising in the Dailyt WORLD do not

apply to the Evening issue. Nor do the r stee of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

delphia:

KEEPING PAITH. Brave and true words are these of Secretary FAIRCHILD to the Democrats of Phila-

"A party is never great, is never in the end successful, if it does not prefer defeat to abandonment or concealment of its faith."

This truth should commend itself to the Democrats in Congress who are urged by monopoly agents, Old Whig relies and tirrid time-servers not to touch the sacred war tariff.

Broken pledges do not form a hopeful basis for a political campaign.

THE CIGAR-MAKERS' GRIEVANCE.

The re-establishment of chear-making in tenement-houses should be resisted for these

(1) It would reduce below a decent living rate the pay of the outside cigar-makers. (2) It would add to the vileness of the air and the consequent disease and death in the wded tenements. (3) It would deteriorat what is already quite bad enough-the cheat cigars-and make them the means of spread ing infection.

Both public sentiment and the law should resist the heartless greed of the manu-. facturers. ___

TOO MUCH MONEY.

Young Donor the bogus marriage notice fabricator, has been up to idiotic tricks before, it seems, when "travelling abroad with a tutor."

He is probably the victim of too mach money-a common complaint among the gilded youth of the wealthy classes.

If the young cub had been sent to that splendid training institution for democracy, the public school, and made to work during his vacation, he would have had no time nor disposition for such nonsense.

Too much money is worse for a boy than too little.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A Republican organ undertakes to connec the present strikes with Democratic possession of the Presidency and control of the

But how about the long succession of desperate and wide-spread strikes between 1873 and 1884? The Republicans held undivided power during the greater part of this time. and the tariff was the "highest in the world." And yet strikes, lock-outs, business depression and bankruptcies prevailed during almost the whole of this period.

And the difference was that then the strikers made hopeless efforts to prevent reductions in wages, while for the past three years, in nearly every instance, they have been for higher wages, made just and hope-

The latest "Boston notion" is a double seat, with just "snug room for two," in a few of the best orchestra chairs in the marriage. splendid new theatre that opens at the Hub

What knowledge of lover-nature and what

so conducive to perfect sympathy in the emotional state of young persons can be maintained in these sests in spite of chaperones. The new theatre will be a lovers' paradise.

If good Ma Curas really thinks that the tariff has "protected the working classes against competition from abroad," his n is not shared by the striking miners,

whose places are being taken by recent importations of Italians and Hungarians, nor by the carpenters and masons in our large cities, who are met by an influx of foreign mechanics whenever building is active.

When the jealous husband shoots the right man be is a sufficiently illogical manine; but when he shoots the wrong man, as the New Orleans lawyer has just done, his ridiculous craze should lead to his permanent suppres

Secretary Laman's resignation from the Cabinet will give another shock to the Republican irreconcilables. They cannot understand how a man can give up one office until he is sure of another.

Of course it was THE EVENING WOFLD that was first on the street with news of the great disaster on the Aqueduct.

Now that an overcoat thief has confessed, there is some hope that an probrella horrower may own up

ANDREW JACKSON Was not a saint, but he was the kind of a sinner that even saintly men admire.

FUN AT THE CONSOLIDATED.

Ed Orvis is one offthe biggest bulls in oil. Harry Cooke is always on hand at the min

call. He can't desertahis old and early love. E. S. Mendels is devoting his spare time now to entertaining some friends from the Arkansas silver

Dick Preusser has a new diamond scarf-pin which he is very proud of. Herwon't tell the boys where he got it.

Sam Osborn, who is attpresent afflicted with four of Job's comforters, dousn't miss many tips on the market for all that.

Santa Caus must have; been very good to Billy Jennings, for he has a surile a yard wide and sev-Tom Holmes, who has inken to boutonnières

says that this is the only way people will know that he is a " security " broker. W. W. Hanley's new hat is much admired by his

fellow mining brokers. Some one whispers that it was a present from ' Jolia." Theo Haight wears a new scarf-pin every day.

His fellow brokers think he has taken a mortgage on some uptown jewelry store. S. R. Phillips seems to be attracting a good deal of attention in the stock crowd. He is the hand-somest, knowingest and biggest man in the crowd. Dan Mumford has great difficulty in getting up high enough to watch the oil market. The tallest stool in the Exchange will not enable him to get

Good resolutions are plentiful among the boys. Matt Looram has had his, which is to "never, never, never, &c." silver-plated and mounted on

Fred Cockran, who has a watchful eye on the oil market in these days and keeps well posted, has had so much luck that he is the envy of all his fellow traders.

Billy Smith and Harry Taylor are the self-appointed guardians of Peter Stuyvesant and devote most of their spare time on 'Change to making things 'amoosin' " for him. D. McD. White gyrates between the oil pit and

the Reading crowd and seems to be short of one and long of the other all the time, but nobody can tell of which or what. H. L. Kingsbury, who is a chronic bear, says he an't make a cent nowadaya. Some of the boys are niking of buying him a small bottle of fludnut's

louble extract of violets. H. W. Jenkins goes around with a look of care on his face and a new felt hat on his head. He has had lots to do since his partner broke his leg, but he says "Jim" is cheerful.

J. T. Duigan, who is just back from his farm, ways that he made more money on chickens last year than he did on Boston and Hartford stock. Nobody believes him, however.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Giveway, the wife of the railroad agent at Tennessee Pass, Col., gave birth to five bouncing

Frandparents living. She has one great-grandfa ther, two great-grandmothers, two grandfathers and two grandmothers.

A Maine newspaper says a Jonesborough chant shipped a box of smelts to New York a few weeks ago, paid \$2 for freight and commission, and received in payment two 2-cent stamps.

Moses Hull, a negro who died at Washington Pa., last week, was Stonewall Jackson's body-servant and attended him through the war of the rebellion. He was minety years old and left a family of fifteen children to mourn his loss, George Bancroft, the a sed historian, accounts

for his long life by the fact that he was the middle child in his father's family, that he has always been in bed by 10 o'clock at night, and that he spends four hours in the open air every day unless prevented by stormy weather.

Probably the oldest practising attorney in the United States is Sidney Bartlets, of Boston. He was born in Plymouth, Mass., in, 1799, and still has a lucrative practice. His specialty is corporation law, and he is attorney for two of the greatest of the railway systems in New England.

An express messenger on the St. Paul met with a painful and peculiar accident at Ripon, Wis., recently. He had a gold ring on one of his fingers, and as he attempted to swing himself from the car to the ground the ring caught in the door in such a manner as to pull the finger completely off.

The estimated expenses of the Chicago Police Department for the present year are \$1,550,000, which, the Macon Telegraph says, is more than the total income of the State of Georgia. The amount spent by Culcago on her public school system annually is over five times as much as the entire school fund of Georgia.

Mr. I. I. Mosher, a prominent attorney of Indianola, Ia., lost his wife a year ago, and a few months later advertised for a correspondence with some young lady with a view to matrimony. Miss Mand Young, of Beaver, Pa., answered the advertisement, the courtably progressed favorably, and a few days ago the happy couple were united in

Robbers entered the house of Henry Fackleman. an old miser living near Paris, Ark., recently and, binding him to a chair, began to snoot to see which of the party could come the nearest to his ears without hitting his head. After having both ears pierced by bullets the old man begged so pitcously for mercy that he was released. The robbers secured \$5, 200 from him, all the money there was

[From the Omaka World.]

Charles Dickens, jr. (arriving in Chicago) Bless me! London over again. Froud Chicago Man—An ! I am delighted to hear that. Be Chicago reminds you of London, shy "Ever so much; can't see across the street."

I Told You So. The man who says "I told you so," At each mischauce has been laid low. We knew that he'd get killed; you know That we have often told you so.

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

HAND-TO-MOUTH PURCHASES AT AVENUE B GROCERY STORES.

Unnimous Testimony that the Poor are Obliged to Pay High Prices Because They Buy in Small Quantities-Many on the East Side Who Do Not Exceed Die Lewis's Limit-Flour in Pound Puckages.

Continuing the investigation into the state of trade with the small dealers on the east side and the condition of the people, their patrons, an Evenino Wonld reporter interviewed a number of grocers in Avenue B. In many of the stores young boys, or girls equally youthful, were in charge, and satisfactory answers were hardly to be obtained to the questions of the reporter; but where the proprietor himself was found doling out the infinitesimal quantities of provisions which serve to make an east-side meal for so many poor families, he was discovered to be intelligent and ready and willing to shed the light of his experience upon the subject of

inquiry. The late Dr. Dio Lewis was full of original ideas concerning the care of the body. Knowing that much ill-health is occasioned by an abuse of the stomach by over feeding, he announced that man could live and thrive

on a diet which would cost but seven cents a day, and he proved it by living on it himself for a period of three weeks.

Dr. Lewis's diet was a matter of choice, but there are many on the east side of this great city who have no richer fare from necessity, as a subject of the control of the as is plainly demonstrated by the purchases for the daily dinner made at these little groceries,
Rudolph Meyer, of 193 Avenue B, keeps

small store, which is crowded with articles in daily demand by his patrons. He sells half pounds of flour, a quart of potatoes, a cent's worth of onions and a half pail of coal, as there may be demand. "All of the business is on a small scale," the young man in charge said. "Of course the customers have to pay proportionately more than the rich people who have cellars

more than the rich people who have cellars in which to store vegetables and coal, and can practically buy at wholesale. But sales are so small that, to live at all, the small dealers have to make a larger profit.

"There is the matter of flour. We sell it at five and six cents a pound. A barrel of flour costs us \$6.25 and when we have sold it out at good weight in pound packages, we have made less than \$3 on a barrel."

J. C. Mienert, of 195 in the same avenue, sells coal at eight cents per pail. Potatoes

sells coal at eight cents per pail. Potatoes not much larger than good-sized marbles bring seven cents a quart and two and onehalf pounds are allowed as a quart. This allows twenty four instead of thirty-two quarts to the bushel, and makes the bushel cost the poor purchasers \$1.68.

"We have to give the people more than a

quart when we sell by weight," said Mr. Mienert, in explaining this new rule of twenty-four quarts make one bushel. B. Curry, of B. Curry & Bro. of 212
Avenue B. said: "Trade has been quite dull
since New Year's. I am better able to talk
about my own business than that of other
people. We do not sell coal or wood. All of
our customers do not our customers do not live in the immediate neighborhood. We have been long estab-lished, and have many bushel and barrel cus-tomers as well as the small buyers."

tomers as well as the small buyers."

H. Hawerkamp, of 251 Avenue B, said:
"No, business is not the best. The people around here live from hand to mouth. While they have no place to store supplies they have no money to buy a quantity to store, and if they had they are so used to buying for present needs that they would rather buy a quart of potatoes at eight cents than to pay four for it buying by the bushel. We sell coal at seven cents per half-pail."

Ed Brede's store, at 231 Avenue F, is of the

Ed Brede's store, at 231 Avenue I; is of the same character. The proprietor said busi-ness was rather dull and that he had only two customers who purchased a bushel of coal at a time. James McCabe, whose store is at No. 226.

James McCaoe, whose store is set 100, 220, sells not only groceries green and groceries general, but wood and coal—the coal at seven cents a half-scuttle and wood at three cents per bunch of blocks or two for five. A bunch of kindling-wood costs five cents. Business was not particularly good with him. The liveliest time is Saturday afternoon, when the poor people have to buy in something like quantities to make sure of fuel and food for

The story told at W. F. Schaefer's store, No. 272, on the same avenue, was to the same effect,

IN WASHINGTON MARKET.

The Butter Dealers Could Astonish Their Wives if They Wished to.

Panoramas of beef, poultry, fish, eggs, butter, cheese, celery, large double-jointed oysters, crowds of rabbits and an occasional bear lying in state can be seen any day in and around Washington Market. So can R. W. McMaster, the accommodating poultry dealer at the north end, busy in his neat little office. Mr. McMaster wears a valuable, stone on his eft finger.

"I would like to own a flash lilte that," said a friend to him the other day.

"You can't," was the reply, "you don't live on the right block."

L. Murley, the restaurant-keeper on the west side of the market, says that the reason that a good deal of trade has gove uptown is because the people don't like to carry bundles. Consequently, they, patronize stores in the vicinity they live, where the

stores in the vicinity they live, where the goods are sent home.

"I can remember the time, thirty-six years ago," said he," when the people used to carry fish home in a paper. Now they do 'em up to resemble new honnets."

The butter and cheese men sare the "hustlers" in the market. There are 250 of them who have lockers on the top floor of 100 Vesey street, where they change their clothes.

They come to work in the magning with silk.

They come to work in the morning with silk hats and gold-headed canes. They then transform themselves into long grey coats and whits aprons. How they could fool their wives if they wanted to by leaving their good clothes in the lockers over night!

Here and There at Plotels. W. H. Painter, of Washington, is at the Pifth G. B. Parson, a Cleveland railroad man, is at the Si. James.

Henry S. Hilliard, brother of "Bob" Hilliard, the actor, is at the Grand. G. A. Drummond, President of the Canada Sugar Resining Company, of Montreal, and George M. Bond, of Hartford, are registered at the Bruns-wick.

Charles W. Buck, United Skates Minister to Peru, is stopping with his family at the St. James. Ex-United States Treasurer John C. New, of Indianapolis, is a guest of the Gila-y. E. J. Morris and J. C. L. Bright Bruce are two Englishmen now at the Fifth Avenue. J. K. Cowen, counsel for the Baltimore and Ohio Italiroad, and R. G. Head, a well-known railroad man from Colorado, are now at the Vic-

William J. Florence and Mrs. Florence, the comedians, have just completed a ten days' trip and are back again at the Fifth Avenze. C. A. Prince, son of the ex-Mayor of Boston, and C. W. Blodgett, also of Boston, are registered at the Victoria to-day. Gen, Edward S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, and Gen. John G. Farnsworts, of Albany, are recent ar-rivals at the Hoffman.

Lieut, Hichborn, U. S. A., and Cortlandt Palmer, jr., were among the early arrivals at the Astor House to-day. Advice to the New Year. Advice to the New Year.

[From the Printers Chronicle.]

Young Eighty-eight,
We put your peights,
And truth you'll not decrease in weight,
Be tempereight,
Tobacco height,
And don't stay out until it's jeight.

THE OLD FIRE LADDIES.

Ted Donavan, the real-estate speculator, used to run with 16 Hose.

John Muller, the retired sugar merchant, does not regret ughting with "Big 6." Seaman Lichstenstein, the commission broker, The veteran Capt. Jim Burns, of Hudson Engine io. 1, is awaiting the last summons.

John H. Waydell, the downtown merchant, was member of as Hose, of Madison street. Bg George Killing, retired and wealthy, hung around the Louse of old Hook and Ladder & Lawrence Hurl-y, the oyster slabber of Wash-ing-on Market, was a runner with Columbian 14. Edward J. Knight, of Excessor Engine No. 2, of Henry street, is an attache of the Supreme Court. There is Bully Brandon, who is in the employ of an insurance company. Hear him talk of Engine 28.

Edmund Stephenson, Commissioner of Emigra-tion, will talk to you for hours about 7 Lexington. Jeremiah Kennesick, the cotton broker, hurried along with Engine 20. She was housed in Rector street. Who did good service uptown during the draft dots? Why Frank Bezzoni, blacksmith, of Kn-Hugh Masterson, the expert examiner of the New York Central road, wore a red shirt with

21's boys. Phoenix Hose 22 had George W. Anderson, who led the Veterans to San Francisco, for one of its gallant boys. Charles Brash, who ran for Senator on the Labor ticket against young Eugene S. Ives, used to gallop with Hose 42.

Tony Youmans delights to tell of the days when as Hose, "Old Warren," had the pole. Tony is in the Post-Office. William E. Bishop used to shout "Pull her out, ioys," and out would come old lilekory 24 and fly

boys," and out would c down Eighth avenue. Joe Cole, who was a member of several engine and hose companies of ye days of olde, has a place in the Supreme Court.

Genial John Daly, of Hose 3i, the Star of the Dry Dock, is the head high-kicker of the Long Island Knights of Labor.

Island Knights of Labor.

Bill Lamb, who rides around in a red-spoked wagon as an in-pector of the present department, was foreman of Engine 25.

"Coroner" Jack Healey looks as young as he did in the days when he used to punch a fellow for not belonging to 13, Eagle.

not belonging to 13, Eagle.

Jim Minsay, the poniterer of Jefferson Market,
received many a tumble in the street while foreman of Guardian Engine 23.

Among the old boys of "Big 6" who are
samiterers of the Bowery are William B. Dunley,
Jack Buckbee and Tony Burke.

George T. Patterson, the bookbinder, went to
many fires with Manhat an a Engine. She was a
rival of "Big 6," Tweed's old engine. George Alker, of the Board of Assessors, foreman of Engine 28, Southwalk, "The old used to lay in Ann street," the boys say. John Decker and his Edwin Forcest whiskers were Chief Engineer of the old "Depart." Decker were Chief Engineer of the old '' Depart. has a claim farm in a Staten Islank injet. Christopher Johnson, foreman of 11 Oceanic, and his old rival, the famous Captain, Coroner Jack Wildey, are still in the land of the living.

He shouted for Hose 13, while the wind blew through his soap locks. He was an ideal Mose. IT SHOULD HAVE ROOM FOR GROWTH. The Northeastern Dispensary Getting Too

Ike Brush cannot keep away from fires nowadays.

Big for Its Building. "Put that down in your books" said Dr. Allan Woodcock to an Evening World reporter, as sounds indicating unmistakably feminine agony came from a rear room at the Northeastern Dispensary, at 222 East Fiftyninth street.

The sounds were caused by the operation of Dr. H. L. Waters, one of the Dispensery dentists. As all his friends know, however, the doctor by no means gives all his attention to matters of torture. He is stage director of the Amateur League, and has many times the Amateur League, and has many times done very pleas in things in the way of amateur theatricals.

On that part of the world's stage which holds the dispensary the doctor is one of a staff of about thirty prectitioners who attend the calls of the institution.

The Northeastern was founded in 1861. It has a district territory, which covers from

has a district territory which covers from Fortieth street north to Ninety-second, and from Sixth avenue east to the river. It is one of the oldest and largest dispensaries in the city, and is outgrowing its present quar-ters, so that its managers are casting longing eyes on the vacated police station of the Twenty-fifth Precinct, one door west. "At present," said Apothecary William J. Shield, "we get from eighty to ninety new

Shield, we get from eighty to ninety new cases a day, besides our large regular list. Patients are treated here and at their homes, our large territory being divided into four districts for the last named purpose. Our busiest seasion will extend from now until along in April."

Daniel B. Taylor was the first president of the dispensary. Its list of past and present managers and life-members includes many distinguished names, among them those of Henry Ward Beecher, Judge Cardozo, John C. Minturn and James R. Wood, M. D., who are all dead. John H. Riker is now presi-dent, George H. Ross vice-president, George Whitefield treasurer and Warren Schoonover, M. D., secretary.

The diseases and cases treated by the staff

include all known to the profession, and the charity is of the broadest scope. HIS FEELINGS OVERCAME HIM.

A Guard Who Looked for News and Go

"The Christian at Home." A passenger on a downtown Third avenu train got off at Ninth street the other morn ing and handed the guard his neatly folded paper. The guard thanked him profusely. "Oh, don't mention it," said the passen

" I always give my papers to the elevated road's employees."

The train moved on for its long run to Houston street and the guard unfolded the paper to read the morning news. An Even-ing World reporter was on the platform and was shocked to hear the guard use very

strong language.
"Why this mild protestation?" asked the Why this mild protestation?" asked the reporter.

'Why?" he repeated. "Well, just look at the paper that duffer gave me. It's the Christian at Home. Do I look like a man that has time while on duty to read the Christian at Home? Would one look for the news of day in the Christian at Home?"

The reporter urged him to be calm.

'Oh, that's all right," he answered; "but this is the twelfth time in the last two weeks

this is the twelfth time in the last two weeks that that dodge has been played on me. have kept a list of the papers that apparentl have kept a list of the papers that apparently respectable citizens have given me to read in the morning, making me believe that I was getting a New York morning newspaper."

This is the list he gave the reporter: Zion's Heraid, the Belfast (Me.) Progressive Age, Keport of the Baptist Missionary Society, The Dentists' Annual, the Halitax Chronicle, The Home Journal, the Evening Post, the Foreign Trate Review, Women's Rights Review, the Searsport Weekly, the City Record a Treatise on Pachycephalime. on Pachycephalina.

Photographs of Iri-h Disturbances. [From the Pall Mall Gazette.] Last week Mr. Mailock suggested in the co-

genial pages of the Times that the Government should employ an instantaneous photographer at Irisa disturbances. The proposal won Mr. Mallock golden opinions in the Unionist press and in the saions of the great, where he had already been voted mendurable, he has been accorded a fresh lease of toleration. On Friday at Shark, one of the Achill Islands, in the course of a desperate affray the Irish police shot an old woman who was attempting to protect her poultry from a selzure for cess. The old woman did not die at once. There was fust time for the priest to come up, and, kneeling over her as she lay on the roadside, give her the last sacraments of the Catholic Church, the people standing round. Then she died. It was a feature in Mr. Mallock's suggestion that the dry plates should be large enough to show the expression on the faces of the people. We hope that the Government had already adopted the plan before last Friday, and that a Government photographer was with the Achill expedition. His pictures, if sold cheap at the posi-offices, like some other Government publications, would be useful during the hext batch of elections. genial pages of the Times that the Government

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

Generous Michael Crane, the electrotyper, served SPORTING BENEFITS RUN INTO THE his time with glorious old 21. GROUND NOWADAYS.

> The Way They Got Them Up in the Old Days-Old Bill Tovee and the Pagillats-Something About Billy Edwards - Jem Carney Surprises the Inmates of a Turk-

O wonder boxing benefits have sort of run into the ground. Even if the law did not say them nay, there is doubt if they would pay long as they are now conducted. In the days when Mace. Heenan, Goss and stars of that magnitude were in their prime in this country. a boxing benefit was

came to see-good boxing. In the '70s a benefit was gotten up only for men who had just fought, were in training for a fight, or to get some real good one out of a serious scrape. A lit-tle 6 by 9 inch poster announced the event, and on the evening of the affair all the sports in town gathered at the little hall, much as they do in Boston nowadays. Old Bill Tovee walked round among the assembled pugilists and got the most nearly matched in size among them to set to together. There was no bringing part-ners to spar with then and no setting to with one's pupil. Every spar was a fight, too. ners to spar with then and no setting to with one's pupil. Every spar was a fight, too. Billy Edwards used to be the bright particular star. Any exhibition at which he had given his word to appear was sure of a crush for seats. Billy was a little white-haired boy those days. Any one can see what a wonder he was, for he held the light-weight championship. That is, he was just as great a wonder as Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, would be now, could the Spider beat such men as Mike Daly and Jem Carney. for Billy, while a 120-pound man, was open to the world at 133 pounds. Born in West Birmingham, Warwickshire, England, one of the best pugilistic producing counties the best puglistic producing counties of the world, in 1844, Edwards came to this country in 1865. Wonderful as to this country in 1865. Wonderful as were the prize-ring performances of which he can boast, they pale beside his boxing achievements. Among the best known of the men bested by Edwards in boxing encounters were Pete Croker, Bat Mullins, Billy McClellan, Prof. Mike Donovan, Pete McCoy, Fiddler Neary, Pete McGuire, John H. Clark, Steve Taylor, Abe and Harry Hicken, Tim Collins and Ben Hogan. Nearly all these men were champions two of them all these men were champions, two of them were heavy-weights and five middle-weights, while their conqueror was well within the light-weight limit. Harry Hill said the go between Edwards and Mullins was the very

Among the hardest-working young men at the fine gymnasium at the top of the New York Athletic Club's building are Geo. Harts-horn, A. W. Lublin and A. Schroeder. The young men are practising fancy athletics and should give a fine performance at the next Ladies' Day exhibition.

"Proprietors and the assistants in a well-known Turkish-bath house in West Twenty-sixth street were puzzled," said a prominent sport in an uptown resort last night, "about sport in an uptown resort last night, "about a month ago when a smooth-faced man asked for a bath to get a cold out of him, and said he would stay all night so as not to risk catching another." "Something queer about that felier," remarked one employee to another as the stranger remained for three hours and a half, in the hot room, instead of twenty minutes, as most people do. "I'll bet he's a fighter." said another, who had rubbed down the silent bather and put him to bed. "Did you see that neck and shoulders?" "Oh, no, he's no fighter." was the reply of the owner of the establishment; his arms were not muscley enough. He's some kind of an athlete, though." All hands were disconcerted when they found they had let Jem Carney, the light-weight champion of the world, slip through without a chance to give him any through without a chance to give him any unusual honors.

Billy O'Brien says Charlie Rowell is cer tainly coming over to run in the big six days' race. O'Brien thinks he has sailed on the Umbria with Cartwright and Conneff.

Mr. W. Bloxham, a Hoffman House frequenter, who saw the Joe McAuliffe-Paddy Ryan fight in San Francisco, says that Byan hadn't a look in. He thinks McAuliffe a

The next boxing night of the New York Athletic Club will be on Tuesday evening, Jan. 17. Of course, as the date was chosen early last autumn, no conflict was intended, but the meeting will jar with the championships of America, which are to be given in Brooklyn on the same evening, and as the "Indians" can't give way it will be a pity if the "Flying Foot" boys don't.

Joe Higgins it is said can be backed for from \$500 to \$1,000 to wrestle catch-as-catch-can against any middle-weight in America.

Young McGinty, of the West-Side Athletic Club, says his pupil, Pat Kelly, is to fight a 120-pound Boston man for a \$100 purse. The mill will be a seven-round one and will be fought at the Hub on or about Jan. 20.

Sporting men uptown are laughing them-selves ill over John Halleck's criticism of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." Mr. Halleck said after he saw Mansfield's representation, Charley Matthews drunk and ber." imitation of

Strange Case of Catalepsy. A remarkable case of suspended animation is attracting the attention of the physicians of Stockton. the subject being Agnes Gertrude Shine, nineteen

the subject being Agnes Gertrude Shine, nineteen years old, who has been in a trance since a week ago yesterday. The victim was seen at her home by an Examiner reporter. She is to all appearances dead, with the exception of a very slight trace of life-color in her face, and the failutest signs of respiration, so faint as to pass unnoticed by other than the professional eye.

Miss Shine had been employed in a laundry for four weeks previous to being stricken. She was to all appearances in a healthy condition until a week ago yesterday, when she returned from work in good spirits. Towards evening she became hysterical, and when her parents noticed that she was not returning to her natural condition they put her to bed, where she has since remained, without speaking a word or moving a muscle.

Physicians have made no attempt to introduce food or drink into her system by artificial means. All functions of the body are suspended, and it is deemed useless. The lips and tongue are occasionally moistened with water by means of a sponge.

To test the condition of the patent the cyclids were raised, and remained open tail closed by the physician, when a very slight muscular action was noticed. He timbs can be moved with very little force, and they remain in the position in which they are placed.

force, and they remain in the position in which Making Love in Volapuk.

(From the Chicago Tribune. A hypercritical exchange observes that Volapak, the proposed universal language, will never become popular because it calls a newly wedged girl a ji-gam, and that no level-headed young man will a li-gam, and that no level-headed young man will ever begin the honeymoon with a fi-gam for steady company. All observation, however, shows that this is a mistaken idea. When the level-headed young man loses his head also to such an extent that he would begin the honeymoon with the object of his affections were she twenty times a ji-gam. Nay, he would be proud that she was a ji-gam—his ji-gam—and would be happy is the profound conviction that she was a little betters and sweeter and dearer than any other man'll-gam. This is the sort of a creature the level-headed young man is, brethren.

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER BOX.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of The Evening World."

"Our Mary" is Twenty-Eight. To the Editor of the Evening World:
Please state the age of Mary Anderson in the columns of your valuable paper, and oblige A. F. Sorg.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where was the first Olympic Theatre? and was Laura Keene's Theatre ever called Olympic Theatre? John M. Daly. Olympic Theatre? Jon 304 West Fifty-fourth street.

For the Evicted Family.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I send \$2 for Mr. James Price, evicted in the storm, hoping many more may be moved to do the same through reading of his terri-ble affliction in Saturday evening's paper. May he be able to find a new home and have May he be able to find a new boundary employment soon is our fervent prayer.

A FRIEND.

The Blue Jackets as Firemen. To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reading THE EVENING WORLD I noticed an article with the heading, "Soldiers at a an affair of little mo- Fire." Your reporter evidently forgot the ment, but it was full interrogation point, and the public will be generally led to suppose that there was no one generally led to suppose that, there was no one else at the fire. In the first place the alarm was given to the yard authorities by one of the ships now in the Navy-Yard. Where were the gallant soldiers then? The echo answers, 'Where?", But we blue jackets, who are familiar with the accomplishments of the gallant marines, could give a pretty shrewd guess. "Honor to whom honor is due." is a time honor daying and although of the gallant marines, could give a pretty shrewd guess. "Henor to whom honor is due" is a time-honored saying, and although we do not wish to rob the soldiers of their hard-earned laurels, still we would like to have what little credit belongs to us. Immediately on the alarm of fire our crew were at once turned out and proceeded in divisions to the scene under the direct command of our commanding officer (Capt. F. M. Ramsay), but we falled to see any soldiers, although our officers were provided with binocular glasses, nor did any one else, either civil or military, appear for five or ten minutes. Your reporter also states that the fire laddies were anused at the absence of method displayed by Admiral Gherardi's men, but it was a very noticeable fact that whenever there was a hose brought to bear on the fire displayed by Admiral Gherardi's men, but it was a very noticeable fact that whenever there was a hose brought to bear on the fire you would find a bluejacket with the nozzle. Now we do not profess to be systematical firemen, but our methods appeared to have answered just as well as if we were. What the soldiers did was obvious to everybody, and that was to get in the way as much as possible and keep out of the range of water.
One of the Crew of the U. S. S. Boston. Believes in a Liberal Table.

In answer to your correspondent, George McKenzie, as to how he supports his wife, child and himself, and saves money on a salary of \$12 per week, I would state that himself and family must be possessed of very ,poor appetites, and the edibles they consume must be of a very inferior quality, or else they buy only quantity enough to scarcely supply one person with an ordinary appetite. \$1.25 a week or about 18 cents a day for meats! Now any person who has ever purchased meat can easily imagine the quantity of meat that is delivered at the McKenzie abode daily easily imagine the quantity of meat that is delivered at the McKenzie abode daily for 18 cents. "Extras 50 cents!" Why, it costs me more than that amount in the week for potatoes alone. Mr. McKenzie thinks "Wife" is in luck because she has an income of \$12 per week. Why, if my family was depending on that amount I, like my wife, would be unable to make ends meet. We live as economical as we can. Of course we eat enough of plain, wholesome food. My salary is \$75 per month and I find it a we eat enough of plain, wholesome food. My salary is \$75 per month and I find it a very difficult matter to lay a dollar away for a rainy day. Hoping you will give this a space in your valuable paper to show Mr. McKenzie that at least one of its readers thinks that Mr. McKenzie very often must have wind pudding on his bill of fare.

Jan 8.

FOREST SPICER, Hicks street, Brooklyn.

GRANDEUR THAT COST \$1,000,000. Wonderful Decorations That Charm the Eye

at Cafe Savaria. Brillat-Savarin, Parisian statesman and jurist, once wrote a dissertation on "gout," that terror to high livers, and now his patronimic has been chosen as the name of a restaurant on which has been expended a million dollars. The Café Savarin was on inspection by an invited few on Saturday. It will be thrown open to the public to-morrow.

It is located in the Pine street side of the magnificent pile of the Equitable Life Insur-

ance Company. The cafe, restaurant an serving room are on the ground floor.

The café and restaurant are finished in white mahogany, the walls in mosaic and the celling in relief work. The main restaurant will seat 200 persons, and after midday lunch it may be converted into a cafe. It is paved with marble and the tables have marble tops.

it may be converted into a cafe. It is paved with marble and the tables have marble tops. There are three private dining-rooms adjoining, and on the next floor is a ladies' dining-room which will accommodate 100 people.

The cafe, grill room and restaurant are in old oak, and the reception room and library are in white mahogany and bronze.

The Lawyers' Club has the fifth and sixth floors, and the suite will accommodate 800 persons. On the seventh floor are several small dining-rooms, and the kitchen is on the eighth floor. The wine vaults and receiving room are in the basement, and all are connected by steam elevators.

The wine-room is a wonder, beautiful and costly. The bar is thirty-five feet long and its guard-rail, fives inches in diameter, is of onyx. There is \$50,000 worth of glass and china ware here and silver and damask galore.

David Simpson is in charge of the bar, M David Simpson is in charge of the bar, M. Tenn is the chef and Eugene Kahn, ten years with Delmonico, is the steward of this establishment, which is opened by the Societé Anonyme de Restaurants aux États-Unis. M. G. Dorval is the manager of the concern and it does credit to the most magnificent building on business Broadway.

BRIGHT BITS OF CHILD TALK

"Eliza, my child," said a prudish makien lady to her pretty niece, who would curl her harr in pretty ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curied he would have done it himself." "So he did, aunty, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

THE BEASON WHY.

"Why on earth don't you get up earlier, my son?" said as anxious father to his singgard son, "don't you see the flowers even spring out of their beds at early dawn?" "Yes, father," said the boy, "I see they do; and I would do the same if I had as dirty a bed as they have." AN OBSERVING YOUNG MISS.

Dotty, nine years of age, complains to a visitor: "*Just see what a coquette my mamma is! Look how she persists in dressing me like a little girl, so that I may not betray her age." A SUNSET AWARENS PITY.

A little boy, three years old, who had been looking out of the window for a few minutes at a beantiful red sunset, exclaimed; "Mamma, look how sore the poor sky is!" A BRILLIANT EXPEDIENT.

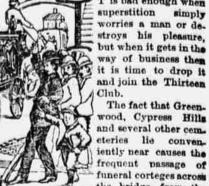
A BRILLIANT EXPEDIENT.

A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he eutreated paps, mamms, the gardener, the footman, the coachman, the cook, the house-maids, to go down into the well to recover the drumstick. In this distress a brilliant expedient occurred to Master Tommy. He secretely carried off all the plate from the sideboard and threw it down into the well. Great was the consternation when the plate was missed, and an active search for the robbers took place. In the midst of the alarm and confusion Master Tommy runs in out of breath with the news that he had found the plate. "Where?" was the cry. "Down the well," replied Tommy. "I see it quite plain, shiring at the bottom—spoons, ladies, bread-basket, salvers, and all." The family hurried to the well, at the bottom of which, sure enough, the plate was seen. A ladder was procured, a servant descended, and the plate was brought up. Just before the last article was fished up Master Tommy whispered to the sevant: "John, I will thank you to bring up my arumstick when you go down for the soup-ladie?"

IT'S NOT ALWAYS UNLUCKY.

SMITH'S TEST OF THE SUPERSTITION ABOUT FUNERAL PROCESSIONS.

He Cut Through One and Was Invited to Take a Drink-Then He Found a Telegram Giving Him a "Tip" to Sell Mining Stock-Reflections Awakened by an Ev. perience in Front of the Brooklyn Bridge



T is bad enough when superstition simply worries a man or de-stroys his pleasure, but when it gets in the

The fact that Greenwood, Cypress Hills and several other cem. eteries lie conven-iently near causes the frequent passage of funeral corteges across

the bridge from the New York side, The stream of the living rushing in front of the bridge entrance is thus arrested by the long line of carriages which move along with leisurely sedateness. The personage in the coffin is in no hurry and the hearse gives the

tempo to the procession. Among other cheerful idiocies which the average man loves is the one which places among ill-omened occurrences the cutting through a funeral train. So a business man whose legs are aching with the hot haste he is putting into some expedition has to do homage to his superstition by standing and mingling wrath, profanity and easy calculations in mathematics over one of these carriage parades of the dead.

That is what Mr. Smith did two or three days ago. He was in the front of a thick line of pedestrians who were waiting till the twenty-fifth back of a funeral should crawl by. N. B .- It was on the way to the grave. Funeral processions, do not crawl by on the return trip. Smith's face was as good as "a cartoon in

Punch. The backmen looked at the twisting wrathfulness of it and positively tried to slow up. One wretched being whose sense of humor crowded out the gentler feelings of humanity actually feigned to stop his horses for a moment.
Smith fiddled with his watch-chain, beat a

tattoo with his foot, rubbed his fingers, against his palms in a feverish way andwated. The crowd behind were pressing against him hard.

Just then one of the horses sheered aside and the barries of the horses sheered aside and the barries are the barries the barrie little. Smith was shoved shead by those behind him, and in the fear of being run over he nimbly skipped through in the space that was made and landed on the other side of the

His hilarity at getting across was at one lowered by the dreadful thought that he had cut through a funeral procession. This broke cut through a funeral procession. This broke
him all up.

Just then he met a friend coming from a
salcon who asked him in to "ball him off."

Smith had no superstitions about taking the drink that somebody else paid for, especially
at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. So in he went
As he entered he saw a man pull an evening
paper out of his pocket and throw it on the
floor as he went out. Smith thought he went

paper out of his pocket and throw it on the floor as he went out. Smith thought he would look in it to see if there was anything in it about the long funeral which he, alas! had cut through.

As he opened the paper a telegram fluttered, out. Smith took it up and read: "Unload Hecla fast. Mine played out. Stock ne-

Smith knew the name of the person to whom it was sent, and saw the telegram was from Butte City. It was a "straight tip."

He hustled downtown and made arrangements for unloading a big block of Heclawhich was running high. In a week it had dropped away out of sight. Smith cleared \$10,000 instead of losing three times the amount.

amount.

mount.

He was afterwards led to reflect that if he he was afterwards the procession he would had not cut through the procession he would not have met his friend, who was just making off when he sighted him. If he had not met the friend, he would not are the had not the the Friend, he would not have gone into the saloon.

If he had not gone in he would not have seen the man drop the paper.

If he had not been stopped by the long procession he would not have picked the paper

cession he would not have picked the paper up to find out about it.

If he had not picked it up he would not have found the telegram, would have held on to Hecla and been squeezed out of thirty thousand instead of making ten thousand.

Smith's belief in the ill-luck of cutting

through a funeral procession is grashaken. He would rather cut through

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.

[From Puck.]
Little Bolivar Tidder Keall—What you a-doing. Grandpa-They say tobogganing's going to be very popular this winter, and I don't want to seem green when I get on the silde!

An Orange (N. J.) Episode.

A Matter of Time. [From the Omaha World.]
Omaha Merchant—See here. I gave you a Waterbury watch for a Christmas present, and told you never to be late at your post again.

Tardy Cash-Boy—Yessir.

'Do you wind it every morning when you get
up, as I told you?"

Yessir."

"Yessir."
"Then what made you so late this morning?"
"Winding it."

A Kentucky Duel. [From the Epoch.]
Pirst Kentucky Citizen—Did the proposed duel etween Col. Blood and Major Gore take place?

Second Kentucky Citizen-Yes; and the result First Kentucky Citizen-You don't say so! Both Second Kentucky Citizen—No; but on the way home a farmer's dog bit a large chunk out of the Colonel's leg. Solid Meals for an Ostrich.

Al-Give me \$5 worth of assorted hardware. Ed-What do you mean?
Al-That's all right, my wife has a pet ostrick.
The bird must sat. Violating a Precedent.

[From Tid-Bits.]

[From the New Orleans Plonyune.] The chees club has occupied its present qu for a remarkably long time. Usually

ful by the general prosperity. ROOM FOR TWO.

tender consideration for old and young 'spoons" are displayed in this provision! No more will the iron arm of the chair interfere with that electrical touch of the elbows so helpful in the exchange of impressions during a play. The close contiguity